Vol. VI. Numb. 47

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Equivalents propos'd for the French *King's Loss of* Thoulon; 1. *By beating our Army in* Flanders. 2. *By beating King* Charles *out of* Barcelona, *and taking him Prisoner.* 3. *The Conquest of* Portugal. *With Remarks on these weighty Equivalents. But one Equivalent for* Thoulon. *Of taking sixteen of our* Russia *Fleet. With Remarks.*

From Saturday, August 9. to Wednesday, August 13. 1707.

Country-m. MAster, here's a great Noise about Equivalents. What's Equivalent? Is it a good Thing, Master?

Obs. A very good Thing, *Roger*. But what is this Equivalent about?

Country-m. Why, Master, 'tis about the *French* King's getting an Equivalent for *Thoulon*.

Obs. Very well, *Roger*; and who is to help the *French* King to that Equivalent?

Country-m. Why, the famous, noisy, verbose, flouncing Author, that sets up for Director-General, and Corrector-General to Crown'd Heads; the very Person that has all along treated your King of *Sweden* with so little Sense, and so much ill Manners; that continually magnifies the Power of *France*, and runs down the brave Protestants of *Hungary*, as a People *perfidious* and *treacherous*.

Obs. What, does he wear two under-spur-leathers, one *French* and t'other *British*? The Lawyer that is fee'd on both Sides, thrives best, but he's none of the honestest Man. I remember *Tom. Dangerfeild* made very good Earnings of being a Spy on both Sides, betwixt the Prince of *Orange* and the Prince of *Conde*; the Prince of *Orange* hir'd him into that Service, and away trudges *Tom*, in a Boor's Habit, with a Runlet of *Geneva* on his Back, into the Prince of *Conde*'s Camp, where he tells the Prince the Posture and Condition of the Prince of *Orange*'s Army: The Prince of *Conde* sends him back again for farther Intelligence, and after he had given the Prince of *Orange* a particular Account of the Prince of *Conde*'s Army, he returns to the Prince of *Conde*'s Camp, and so does the like there: And this Trade he continu'd for the whole Campaign, and without doubt our Friend *Thomas* made a good Summer's Work of it. —— But what of his Equivalents? I long to hear 'em.

Country-m. He has not only found out Equivalents in this Case of *Thoulon*, but for the Loss of all *Provence*, *Dauphiny*, and *Languedoc*; for, he supposes our Army to be beaten in Flanders, as the *French* were at *Ramillies*, and by to have recover'd all the Cities and Strong Holds there: This, he says, would be a very good Equivalent.

Obs. A very deep Thought, *Roger!* That is much as to say, *When the Sky shall fall, the Scotch-men will have plenty of Larks.*

Country-m. Next, he supposes King *Charles* to be beaten out of *Barcelona*, and taken Prisoner; the effecting of which, he says, does not seem remote as he could wish, for he expects every Post to hear of the *Spanish* and *French* Troops being under the Walls of *Barcelona*, who will soon take it, making quicker Work than they did before; for having first beaten the Earl of *Gallway*, their Horse would be at Leisure to scour the Country, and with 12 or 14000 Men, keep open the Passages of the Mountains, and so have their Troops supply'd with Provisions, *&c.*

Obs. He will have the *French* too hard for the Confederates in every Point; he will help 'em to give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. But don't be discourag'd, you bold *Britains*, this is all but *French* Huff and Bounce. But he's too quick upon us with his Equivalents; he expects to hear of it every Post. Now, I thank God this can't be; the Duke *D'Anjou*'s Troops are in Quarters of Refreshment, and can't stir 'till *September*, by Reason of the Heats. It may take some Time too to beat the Earl of *Gallway*; for perhaps by that Time he may have some Reinforcements, which our Equivalent-man did not think of. His Equivalents are founded upon Suppositions, and those unsupposable Ones too. *Lerida* is not yet taken, nor *Tortosa* besieg'd; and One would think, that our Author should expect by the next Post, rather an Account of that, than of the taking of *Barcelona*.

Country-m. The next ——

Obs. What, ha'st got more Equivalents still?

Country-m. Yes, a power of 'em.

Obs. Why then, *Roger*, this is enough to make an unthinking *Britain* believe, that we had better never enter'd upon the Enterprize in *Provence*, since it puts the *French* King upon making such desperate and advantageous Reprisals.

Country-m. But an't we beholding to the *French* King, that he has not done all this already, when it is so much in his Power to do it?

Obs. Hold there, *Roger*: If it were in his Power to have done it, he would have done it before now. These Equivalents, I perceive, are only the Fruits of the Fly in our Author's Noddle. —— But prethee, *Roger*, let me hear one Equivalent more? I can hold but one more without bursting; besides, I would have thee keep some as a Reserve, that I may take 'em Physically, for they are Doses that suit all Constitutions; to some they are *Cathartick*, to others *Emetick*, to most *Hypnotick*, but to me, they are a sovereign Medicine against the Vapours and Melancholy, which have too much afflicted

afflicted me, ſince I have been ſo much impair'd by Sickneſs.

Country-m. He ſays, the *French* ſhall have a compleat Equivalent for the Loſs of *Thoulon*; if they will ſend but ten thouſand Men to the Marquiſs *de Bey*, and the Duke *d' Oſſuna*, they'll conquer *Portugal* preſently; and what with the great Stores and Magazines of Merchandize, Ammunition, and Warlike Preparations, together with their Shipping, they will add the rich Trade of *Brazile* to that of *Peru* and *Mexico*.

Obſ. Do but mark this, *Roger*. This is to be done after the taking of *Thoulon*, and the Deſtruction of the *French* Fleet in that Harbour, the *French* will then be in a fine Condition to ſupport two ſuch important Trades.

I could tell you too, *Roger*, (how much ſoever Mr. Equivalent cries up the Power of the *French* King, and leſſens that of the Confederates) that the Allies have as many Ways to prevent the *French* from making Repriſals, as the *French* have to make good this Author's Equivalents.

Now, an Equivalent muſt be a Repriſal made, that ſhall in all Points fully anſwer the Loſs and the Damage ſuſtain'd, and that according to the Nature of the Loſs. The Loſs of *Thoulon*, is the compleat Ruin of the Naval Power of *France*; and if the *French*, ſince the Year 92, have not been able to repair the Loſs of 14 three-deck'd Ships, how will they be able to ſuſtain the Loſs of 42 Men of War, that now are in the Harbour of *Thoulon*? *France* it ſelf is an eaſy Conqueſt to the Confederates, when the chief Strength, which ſhould defend their Coaſts, is cut off.

For my part, I know but one Equivalent that the *French* can have for the Loſs of *Thoulon*, and in that our Equivalent-man, by his great Skill in Politicks and War, may help 'em out; that is, to perſwade Monſieur *Fourbin*, who of late has given our Merchants a Benefit-Ticket or two, to come with a ſufficient Force and take *Portſmouth*, deſtroy the Dock at *Chatham*, and ſeize and carry off our Ships in the *Medway*: This would be a proper and home Equivalent.

Roger, there can be no Equivalent for the Loſs of *Thoulon*, the Conſequences are ſo ruinous in every Circumſtance to the *French* King. The Agents of *France* may make a Noiſe of Equivalents, and tell you here the *French* will have you, and there they will have you; they will be reveng'd upon you in that Quarter, and in t'other Quarter; theſe are but Amuzements and Bravadoes, with which they endeavour to affrighten the Children of *Great Britain*, as with *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*.

Country-m. But what can be the Meaning of threatning us with Equivalents at this Time of Day?

Obſ. The Caſe is plain, *Roger*; the Agents of *France* know very well, that by the Loſs of *Thoulon*, *France* it ſelf totters, that the Loſs is irrepairable; and yet they magnify its Power in two Reſpects, to diſpirit the *Britains*, and inſinuate into their Minds, that 'tis in vain to contend with the Mighty Power of *France*, which is able to revenge any Affront, and to repair any Loſs. Secondly, To magnify the Power of the *French* Arms, as an Argument for Peace. And you'll find theſe People on that Subject after the Campaign is over.

Country-m. Maſter, I'll tell you what; God ſend us a good Account of the taking of *Thoulon*, and then let 'em go to work for their Equivalents as ſoon as they pleaſe. And if Gaffer *Fourbin* comes to *Portſmouth*, you will find your Country-man *Roger* in his Buff-coat, with his Collar of Bandaliers about him, and his Muſket on his Shoulder, upon *Poſt-Down*, with his Son *Tom*, and all his good Neighbours that love Queen *Ann*, and that's every Body, but our good-for-nothing Prieſt.

Obſ. Oh rare *Roger!* What, ha'ſt alter'd thy Opinion? Wil't thou fight, Man?

Country-m. I never ſaid I would not fight. I ſaid I would not go to *Almanza*, or into hot foreign Countries to be knock'd on the Head; we have young Fellows for that Purpoſe; but if Jack *French*-man comes here, I will poſe every Drop of my Blood in Defence of the Queen and Realm.

Obſ. Very well reſolv'd, *Roger*; and this is the Duty of every true *Britain*, however dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd. He that will not fight in Defence of his Country, ought not to live in it; and let his Condition be what it will in the World, he had better die a Free-man, than live a Slave. We have more to fight for, than any People under the Copes of Heaven. We are not weary'd and tir'd with the Oppreſſions of our Soveraign; we have the moſt indulgent and ſerene Princeſs in the Univerſe, and under her we enjoy the moſt valuable Priviledges; and certainly theſe are Things worth contending for.

But, *Roger*, let theſe Bounces about Equivalents never diſturb the Heads of *Britains*. Thoſe two Great Generals, the Duke of *Savoy* and Prince *Eugene*, as they know how to conquer, ſo they know how to improve their Victories, and are us'd to it.

Country-m. Sir, here's ſad News from Sea, as they tell me at *London*.

Obſ. What is it *Roger? Fourbin* is Abroad, has he done any Miſchief?

Country-m. You may be ſure on't. That Man has taken 16 of our *Ruſſia* Fleet upon the Coaſt of *Lapland*, and among the reſt, the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*'s great Ship, and burnt her.

Obſ. Roger, this is ill News, indeed: The *Ruſſia* Fleet loſt their Voyage the laſt Year, for Reaſons better let alone, than talk'd of. But, *Roger*, this is a Detriment to the Publick; and I am more concern'd at that, than at the Merchants Loſs.

Country-m. I have often heard you ſay, that Trade is the Strength and Wealth of the Kingdom.

Obſ. That's true, *Roger*: But our Merchants don't trade as formerly, when we had ſuch a Reputation in the World for Traffick. Now they ſtock-job ſo much, they bank ſo much, they fund ſo much, they wager ſo much, according to due Proportions; and what they ſend to Sea, I ſuppoſe is ſome looſe Corns that they riſque in Expectation of great Profit: And it ſeems to me, that this is their deareſt Concern; for we find 'em very eaſy under their Loſs, and little concern'd about it. People that are pinch'd, will ſhrug: Where there is Grievance there will be Complaint. If their Loſſes are ſo great and ſo frequent as they pretend, and occaſion'd by Want of what is their Due, and what they pay for, certainly they would long e'er this, have complain'd to Parliament, where they are certain of Relief.

Country-m. Maſter, I think 'tis Time for us to go to Bed.

Advertiſements.

Yeſterday was publiſh'd,

*** A Muzzle for a mad Dog; or, Animadverſions on ſome late ſcandalous Papers, call'd *Rehearſers*, treating about the Soul, but wrought without Spirit or Life in Defiance to the Truth of reveal'd Religion. Containing the moſt material Arguments in that Controverſy about the Nature of the Soul, debated and vindicated from falſe and groundleſs Aſperſions. By *Evan Lloyd*, of *Clanluyid*, Gent. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

Theſe are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London* and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles II.* the only Perſon that ſells (exactly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is eminently experienc'd to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Venereal and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindering no buſineſs without Fluxing or the Uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are truly and faithfully prepar'd, as directed by her Huſband, and as made and deliver'd to his patients by her in his Life-time, (they being the only perſons then that ſold it, and to whom the ſecret was ever imparted.) Therefore beware of ſeveral late ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe is the only perſon that knows the Doctor's Methods of curing, which ſhe practiſes with great ſucceſs, as has been ſeveral Times mention'd in the *Gazette*. She cures many after Phyſicians compaſſionates the Diſtreſs'd, and deals with all people according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions; ſhe gives Advice *gratis*. ☞ She is remov'd from the *Glaſs Lantborn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over againſt *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.